



S K I N N Y P U P P Y

THE GREATER WRONG OF THE RIGHT





Just looking for something is what to say keep looking at nothing to go away you take my picture a portrait prize behind my image your father's eyes just looking for something NOW it looks like something from far away inside the image grows and makes the shadow fade behind the image posted on your wall a crack is hiding fighting for it all just looking for something NOW we've taken it somewhere from far away the voices echo from yesterday behind the crack behind the image on the wall I see you curled up tightly hiding from it all just looking for something NOW hit me on the street while waiting to do nothing where within the space can anything feel certain look into the future make out the word speak send in the spies to watch them creepy are the people unable to do something sitting on an armchair fenced in their creation look up to be there anywhere is somewhere itchy past scratch the itch hit me in the streets hit me feel about a nation so precious is the freedom carousel the brass ring reach into a black mass so its corroded always polluted we all want some of it maybe all the people now left without no loving where within the strength gone better see it coming get off the fence trip rip up the garbage make it up to the earth hitch hit me in the streets hit me be a politician eroding all your freedoms down the rabbit hole cracks money markets fall through a looking glass time becomes too fast all to benefit the rich so keep eating from the apple edges from the center shaken to the core until it doesn't matter no one to turn to no where to run to better the bomb to blow it HIT ME in the streets beat my head to wake up cause I feel as if I'm sleeping past is in the heart and I am waiting for the rhythm feed the holy jaws no saying pain is the answer after all is gone the story leaves me feeling empty and all alone it leaves me feeling empty breathe we are all animals inside free the spirit is alive to guide us we're all alone and really feeling empty we're all alone when all revenge falls apart taken a step back from the start leaves me feeling empty IT newworld order pissing on a river on the way a long tomorrow rancid waters picking up the remnants of a flower in all of us exists the touch of deadly warming global and trust we must distrust the owners of the new world order what of the hour of the whole look what you've been missing feed upon the fingers chew the knuckle to the bone dig inside the crack beside the pain that is a home live a distant second skin whatever else that can fed upon the remnants of a life that's never had he took a living thing and made a copy of it an image put the finish on a life still being made the secret twist invading mists the desert once a forest can't see the forest for the death within the tree inside the crack beside the pain that is a home give it up today average levitation mojo no magic dedicated delusion give it all away oh yeah mother theresa all of it for the good of everyone never really ever really happens life is all distorted reasons are purported what we share with everyone nothing every little boy and girl is under everything is wrapped up tight underneath the spell what is discovered everything is wrapped up tight every little thing that is discovered did it ever really happen attached in awe what a whiplash hate filled culture of viruses born raised and infected with violent thought to set it off defend the wrong incite the thing to bring it down the panic of in a moments time bomb the artful dodge to fabricate a polarizing opposite political intention to keep it poor without a choice so full of fear a peoples voice carve a scar warm clotting of meat the maker of the hollow cost kept pockets picked of all moral law to face the truth were banished from a history of then is wrong defend the wrong incite the thing to bring it down is this pure reality could we be led to believe lemmings up against a sea drowning in speculation even told when waters older more polluted never drink the murky media to plumb the depth of time what of human frailty visualize with clarity past the sanitation to childish flesh and bone bleaching sticks and stoner ribs pukes up gallows laughter stage the mighty media blessing this sanitation what is this supposed to hold freedoms crush disparaged souls despot dug in yellowcake and failed to certify it crippled son to pass it on a hatred fed on hatred born deity defensive form as if to never see that what is real canned I feel less important than today anyway is it worth the slaughter? Sit and feel absolutely zero suffering a condition worth denying pasted carcass killing fields body parts off dolls that bleed who was once committed for pulling wings off flying things feeling bold to knot put over twisted ever after hissing faded left alone to replicate the lie what is real asks the dream some dim shift a rift within funniest seems a distant the damp ring fitting end destitution ego death within a condition dear dementia are we alone mission complete to the unknown this is a story this is so sorry all is a stone sunk in too deep run out of air lung full of heavy it's feeling heavy were we forewarned force it to break labor of hate who are we fooling what are we doing pin it on time proof in the meat time to consume does it concern me under a flag free are we all completely use less are we are we end is a known sick and alone pieces of dream meant as a nice theme meant as a nice dream so pause at the end cause the effect shorten the pain time for reflection or to regret them dark this heavy past tension over talking ever creepy creep me out quiet soft pitch scratchy throat sore bubble crass the eye balls of token alibis say digger dig me then throw it out in time to gain all the picture water sport aim the game to get no shot rich wine land party spot all them kids so fucked up as if the problem looks alive with each virtual compromise dead head auction auction muscle every thing that lives feeding egos radius dark this matter heavy past tension over talking trash public public pimp the name divine the only pissing game working on to undermine only one to one two blind hooking up its wired set the bomb depress the audience looker woof hookah smoke breathe in feed on spit it out inner vision inside dope latest software antidote creepy creep me out quiet soft pitch scratchy throat cross the bubble crass the eye dark this heavy past tension over talking empire sews the seed of hate we remove ourselves passing flames inspires ugly traits sanitize creepy ills to keep the fear in line is it wrong to let the liar lie creepy ills to keep the fears in line more acquired is disease the souls state I am a god I am a faceless warrior lost leaders wins the glorious growing stocks of used up people life is twisting all the words to shun life worth less than corporate rape empire takes control of fate I am dying I am dying is wrong to call a spade a spade popping pills will ease the daily pain bombing peace back up into the stoned state I am not living here I have got much left to fear in the place of safety I am fortunate to be alive with all these distant rich things around me I am left to realize its not the blood in me it's not the hate it's just the simple things that I relish I am a god I am a face less warrior we remove ourselves from the war looking from a distance sanitized wash your hands an feel it the dirt is down the drain. enough

- 1 I'mmortal 2 Pro-test 3 EmpTe 4 Neuwerld 5 Ghostman 6 dOwnsizer
- 7 Past Present 8 Use Less 9 Goneja 10 DaddyWarbash

Produced By Mark Walk and cEvin Key • Additional Production and Mix By Ken hiwatt Marshall at Sonikwire Studios CA • Remastered by Brad Vance at Red Mastering • Composed and arranged by Skinny Puppy: n.Dgre, cEvin Key, Mark Walk 2004 • with guests: *Statik*: synthesis/programming on 1/2/3/6/8 *Omar Torres*: synthesis/programming on 2/5/7/tail of 4 *Otto Von Schirach*: sound design on 1/9, synthesis/programming tail of 5 *Cyrusrex*: synthesis/programming tail of 9 *Dre Robinson*: synthesis on 10 *Pat Sprawl*: Guitar on 1/2 *Saki Kaskas*: second guitar on 8 *Traz Damji*: synthesis on 1 *Danny Carey*: Acoustic Drums on 8 *Wayne Static*: Second vocal on 8 • Sleeve Art Direction and Design by Steven R Gilmore, Cover Artwork by Fredox, Group Photograph by Austin Young • support and thanks to M- Audio, Emagic Logic, Native Instruments, Ableton, Midiman, Nord Clavia, Manley, Roland, Westlake Audio, Bill Morrison, Cyrusrex, Jason @ Sonikwire, Bree Thompson, Frank Zizzo, Andrew Lurie and all our friends and guests for the energy and support required to make this LP real • Published by hell-o-deathday songs/socan • Wayne Static of Static-X appears courtesy of Warner Bros. Records • Danny Carey appears courtesy of Zomba/Live/Volcano/Dissectional • Otto von Schirach appears courtesy of schematic music company • www.skinypuppy.com • www.litany.net • www.subconsciousstudios.com • www.ohgr.org • www.sonikwire.com • www.ottovonschirach.com • www.srgdesign.com





